



THE
CONNOISSEUR.

By Mr. T O W N,
CRITIC and CENSOR-GENERAL.

NUMBER XXVI.

THURSDAY, July 25, 1754.

Hic dies verè mihi festus atras

Eximet curas. —

HOR.



GENTLEMAN of my acquaintance lately laid before me an estimate of the consumption of bread and cheese, cakes, ale, &c. in all the little towns near *London* every Sunday.

It is incredible how many thousand buns are devoured in that one day at *Chelsea* and *Paddington*; and how much beer is swallowed at *Pancras* and *Mile End*. Upon the whole I was vastly entertained with a review of this estimate, and could not help approving the observation of *Tom Brown*, "that the Sabbath is a very fine institution, "since the very breaking it is the support of half the vices about our metropolis."

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OUR common people are very observant of that part of the commandment, which enjoins them to do no manner of work on that day, which they also seem to understand as a licence to devote it to pleasure. They take this opportunity of thrusting their heads into the pillory at *Georgia*, being sworn at *Highbury*, and rolling down *Flamstead Hill* in the Park at *Greenwich*. As they all aim at going into the country, nothing can be a greater misfortune to the meaner part of the inhabitants of *London* and *Westminster* than a rainy Sunday; and how many honest people would be baulked of a ride once a week, if the legislature was to limit the hired one-horse-chaises working on that day to a certain number as well as the hackney coaches.

THE substantial tradesman is carried to his snug-box, which has nothing rural about it except the ivy that overruns the front, and is placed as near to the road side as possible, where the pleasure of seeing carriages pass under his window amply compensates for his being almost smothered with dust. The few smart 'prentices, who are able to fit a horse, may be seen spurring their broken-winded hacks up the hills; and the good-natured husband together with his mate is dragged along the road to the envy and admiration of the foot-passenger, who (to complete the Sunday picture) trudges patiently with a child in one arm, while his beloved doxy leans on the other and waddles at his side sweltering beneath the unusual weight of an hoop-petticoat.

It is not to be supposed, that the country has in itself any peculiar attractive charms to those who think themselves out of the world, if they are not within the sound of *Bow Bell*. To most of our Cockneys it serves only as an excuse for eating and drinking; and they get out of town, merely

merely because they have nothing to do at home; a brick-kiln smells as sweet to them as a farm-yard: they would pass by a barn or a hay-stack without notice; but they rejoice at the sight of every hedge ale-house, that promises good home-brew'd. As the rest of a cit's life is regular and uniform, his Sunday diversions have as little variety; and if he was to take a journal of them, we might suppose that it would run much in the following manner.

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SUNDAY—Overlept myself—Did not rise till nine—Was a full hour in pulling on my new double-channel'd pumps—Could get no breakfast, my wife being busy in dressing herself for church.

AT ten—Family at church—Self walked to mother *Redcap's*—Smoked half a pipe, and drank a pint of the *Alderman's*. N. B. The beer not so good as at the *Adam and Eve* at *Pancras*.

DINED at one—Pudding not boiled enough, suet musty—Wife was to drive me in an one horse chair to see mother *Wells's* at *Enfield Wash*, but it looked likely to rain—Took a nap, and posted seven pages from my day-book till five. *Mem.* Colonel *Promise* has lost his election, and is turn'd out of his place—To arrest him to-morrow.—

AT six—Mrs Deputy to drink tea with my wife—I hate their slip-flops—Called on my neighbour the Common-Council-Man, and took a walk with him to *Islington*.

FROM seven to eight—Smoked a pipe at the *Castle*, eat an heart-cake, and drank two pints of *Cyder*. N. B. To drink *Cyder* often, because Neighbour tells me it is good for the stone and gravel.

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AT nine—Got to town again, very much fatigued with the journey—Pulled off my claret-colour'd coat, and blue fatten waistcoat—Went to club, smoked three pipes, came home at twelve, and slept very soundly, till the prentice called me to go and take out a writ against Colonel *Promise*.

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As to persons of quality, like Lady *Loverule* in the farce, they cannot see why one day should be more holy than another: therefore Sunday wears the same face with them as the rest of the week. Accordingly, for some part of this summer *Ranelagh* was opened on Sunday evenings; and I cannot help wondering that the custom did not continue. It must have been very convenient to pass away the time there; till the hour of meeting at the card-table; and it was certainly more decent to fix assignations, there, than at church.

GOING to Church may indeed be reckoned among our Sunday amusements, as it is made a mere matter of diversion among many well-meaning people, who are induced to appear in a place of worship from the same motives that they frequent other public places. To some it answers all the purposes of a rout or assembly,—to see and be seen by their acquaintance; and from their bows, nods, curt'sies, and loud conversations one might conclude that they imagined themselves in a drawing-room. To others it affords the cheap opportunity of shewing their taste for dress: not a few, I believe, are drawn together in our cathedrals and larger churches by the influence of the music more than the prayers, and are kept awake by a jig from the organ-loft, tho they lulled to sleep by the harangue from the pulpit. A well disposed Christian will go a mile from his own house to the Temple-
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Church, not because a *Sherlock* is to preach, but to hear a Solo from *Stanley*.

BUT though going to church may be deemed a kind of amusement, yet upon modern principles it appears such a very odd one, that I am at a loss to account for the reasons which induced our ancestors to give into that method of passing their Sunday. At least it is so wholly incompatible with the polite system of life, that a person of fashion (as affairs are now managed) finds it absolutely impossible to comply with this practice. Then again the service always begins at such unfashionable hours, that in the morning a man must huddle on his cloaths like a boy to run to school, and in an afternoon must inevitably go without his dinner. In order to remove all these objections, and that some Ritual may be established in this kingdom agreeable to our inclinations and consistent with our practice, the following SCHEME has been lately sent me in order to submit it to the serious consideration of the public.

Imprimis, It is humbly proposed, that Christianity be entirely abolished by Act of Parliament, and that no other religion be imposed on us in its stead; but as the age grows daily more and more enlightened, we may at last be quite delivered from the influence of superstition and bigotry.

Secondly, THAT in order to prevent our ever relapsing into pious errors, that the common people may not lose their holiday, every Sunday be set apart to commemorate our victory over all religion; that the Churches be turned into Free-thinking Meeting-Houses, and discourses read in them to confute the Doctrine of a future state, the immortality of the soul, and other absurd notions which some people now regard as objects of belief.

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Thirdly,

Thirdly, THAT a Ritual be compiled exactly opposite to our present Liturgy; and that instead of reading portions of Scripture, the first and second lessons shall consist of a Section of the Posthumous Works of Lord *Boltonbroke*, or of a few pages from the writings of *Spinoza*, *Chubb*, *Maunder*, *Hobbes*, *Collins*, *Tindal*, &c. from which writers the preachers shall also take their text.

Fourthly, THAT the usual Feasts and Fasts, viz. Christmas Day, Easter Sunday, Trinity Sunday, &c. be still preserved; but that on those days discourses be delivered suitable to the occasion, containing a refutation of the Nativity, the Resurrection, the Trinity, &c.

Fifthly, THAT instead of the vile melody of a Clerk bawling out two Staves of *Sternbold* and *Hopkins*, or a Cathedral Choir singing Anthems from the Psalter, some of the most fashionable Cantatas, Opera Airs, Songs, or Catches, be performed by the best voices for the entertainment of the company.

Lastly, THAT the whole Service be conducted with such taste and elegance as may render these Free-thinking Meeting-Houses as agreeable as the Theatres; and that they may be even more judiciously calculated for the propagation of Atheism and Infidelity than the *Robin Hood* Society or the Oratory in *Clare Market*.

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